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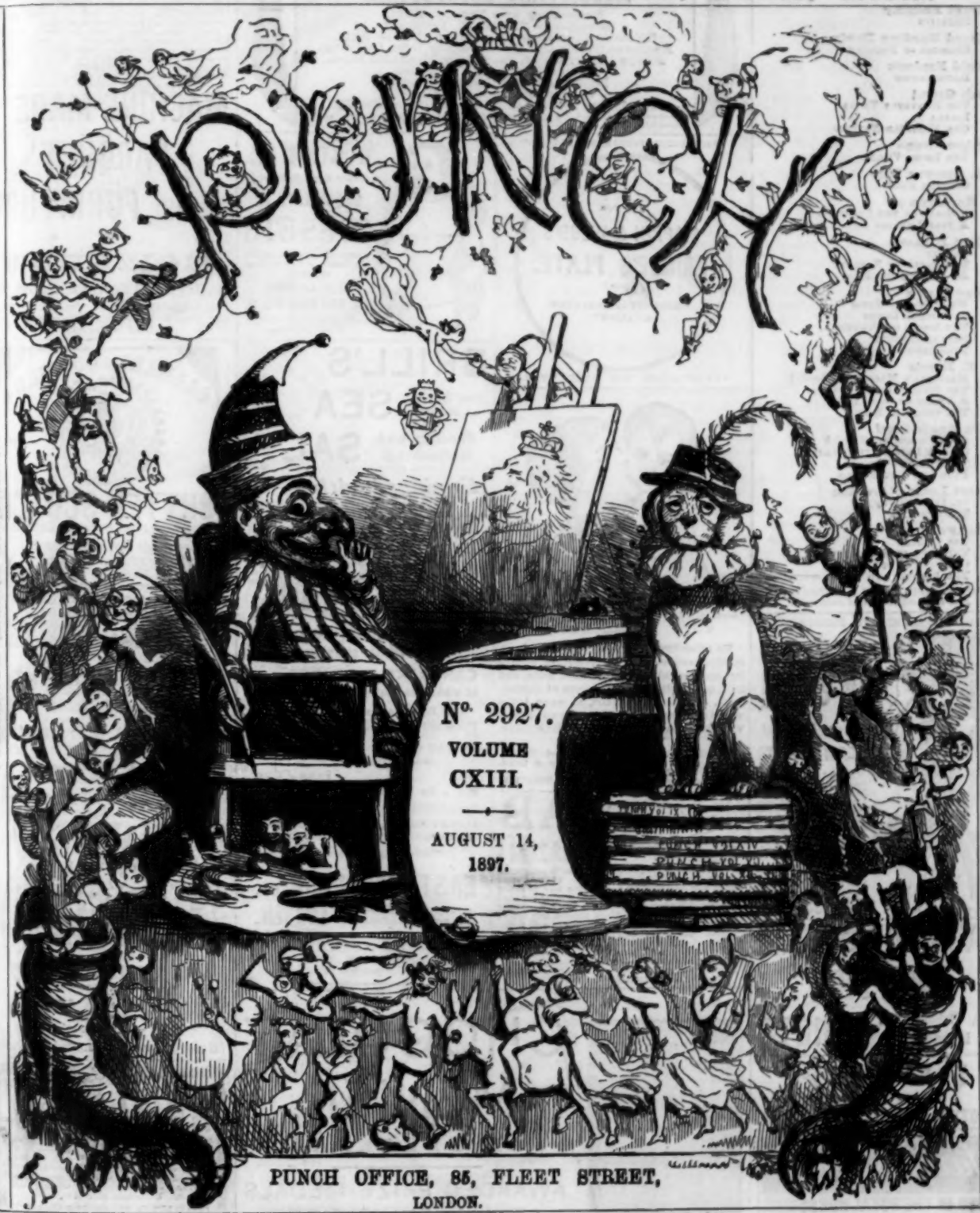

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A SAD FACT.

Impudent Choir-boy (to our Vicar, who is "teaching himself"). "HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON!"

ON THE RIVER.

(Page from the Diary of a Sweet Girl Clubbist.)

Monday.—Very pleased I have been chosen for the boat. So glad to have been taken before AMY and BLANCHE. I am sure I shall look better than either of them. They needn't have been so disagreeable about it. AMY asking for her racquet back, and BLANCHE refusing to lend me her cloak with the feather trimmings. FANNY should make a first-rate stroke, and KATE a model coach.

Tuesday.—We were to have practice to-day, but postponed it to decide on our colours. Blouses are to be left optional, but we are all to wear the same caps. We had a terrible fight over it. FANNY, ROSE and I are blonde, so naturally we want light blue. HENRIETTA is a brunette, and (selfish thing!) stood out for yellow! However, we settled it amicably at last by choosing—as a compromise—pink. Then I made a capital suggestion, which pleased everybody immensely. Instead of caps we are to wear picture-hats.

Wednesday.—Went out in our boat for the first time. Such a fight for places! I managed to secure bow, which is the long way the best seat, as you lead the procession. Everybody sees you first, and it is most important that the crew should create a good impression. HENRIETTA wanted the position, and said that her brother had told her that the lightest girl should always be bow. I replied "quite right, and as I had lighter hair than hers, and my eyes were blue and hers brown, of course it should be me." FANNY and ROSE agreed with me, and KATE (who was annoyed at not being consulted enough) placed her five. HENRIETTA was in such a rage!

Thursday.—We are in training! Think it rather nonsense. Why should we give up *meringues* and sponge-cakes? And as to cigarettes, that isn't really a privation, as none of us really like them. A mile's run isn't bad, but it wears out one's shoes terribly. KATE wanted us all to drink stout, but we refused. We have compromised it by taking *fleur d'orange* mixed with soda-water instead. The Turkish bath is rather long, but you can read a novel after the douche. Take it altogether, perhaps training is rather fun. Still, I think it, as I have already said, nonsense, especially in regard to sponge-cakes and *meringues*.

Friday.—Spent the whole of the morning in practising starts. Everybody disagreeable—KATE absolutely rude. Fancy wanting me to put down my parasol! And then HENRIETTA (spiteful creature!) declaring that I didn't keep my eye on the steering (we have lost our coxswain—had to pay a visit to some people in the country) because I *would* look at the people on the banks! And KATE backing her up! I was very angry indeed. So I didn't come to practice in the afternoon, saying I had a bad headache, and went instead to FLORA's five o'clock tea.

Saturday.—The day of the race! Everybody in great spirits, and looking their best. Even HENRIETTA was nice. Our picture-hats were perfectly beautiful. FANNY came out with additional feathers, which wasn't quite fair. But she said, as she was "stroke" she ought to be different from the rest. And as it was too late to have the hat altered we submitted. We started, and got on beautifully. I saw lots of people I knew on the towing-path, and waved to them. And just because I dropped hold of my oar as we got within ten yards of the winning-post they all said it was *my* fault we lost! Who ever heard the like? The crew are a spiteful set of ugly frumps, and on my solemn word I won't row any more! Yes, it's no use asking me, as I say I won't, and I will stick to it. There!

CONSTANTINOPLE WITH A "NO" AND A "YES."

(Page from a Turkish Diary—last week's date.)

Monday.—Received a suggestion that the frontier should be fixed as arranged by the military experts. The ambassadors most desirous that I should consent to the arrangement. Plans capitally executed, and descriptive matter very good indeed. Most delighted to look over it. Understand I am expected to give a reply. Certainly, most reasonable. Only too pleased. Would do so at once, but unfortunately promised to inspect a set of ivory chessmen, so must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Tuesday.—Pressing invitation from the ambassadors to settle up. Certainly, only too pleased. Have again inspected plans and letterpress. Most interesting. Quite like a second reading. Very reasonable to ask for my decision. And the invitation polite in every respect. Would certainly decide at once, but, unluckily, promised to take a boat on the Bosphorus. Friend of mine desires to see the sun shining on the water. Don't like to disappoint him. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Wednesday.—The ambassadors still urgent. They must have very little to do to make such a fuss about a trifle. However, from their point of view they are right. And I am so willing to oblige them. Only too rejoiced to oblige anyone, especially the ambassadors. Would do it at once, but, to tell the truth, fancy I arranged to see someone or other. So cannot be rude. Must attend to him or her as the case may be. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Thursday.—The ambassadors are becoming quite an institution. Still anxious about their maps and plans. Had a good look at them. So very nicely done. And so easily understood. Of course, glad to oblige representatives of fellow sovereigns. Would write at once, but rather an inclination to a headache. Never can attend to business when this happens. So must postpone the frontier matter to another day.

Friday.—As I expected, another communication from the ambassadors. They are distinctly pushing. Still, they are right. Of course, it would be better if we could arrive at a settlement. And everything so simple. Maps and letterpress as clear as crystal. Admirable scheme. Nothing objectionable. Would certainly agree to it if I had not a prior engagement. Truth to tell, I have got a toothache—or, rather, what may become a toothache if I am not careful. So must postpone the frontier matter to another occasion.

Saturday.—Customary call of the ambassadors. Actually saw them this time. Most delightful people, every one of them. Seized the opportunity of their visit to offer them orders in brilliants. Fully discussed the scheme. Most reasonable. Most excellent! Would certainly have settled it on the spot had I not remembered I had an important fixture. Must have my hair cut.

Sunday.—Change of front. Had a most amusing game for the last three weeks or a month. Foreign papers always talking of "to-morrow." Well, all will be ready by "to-morrow"—when "to-morrow" comes. In the meanwhile, settled everything, or nearly. With the emphasis on the *nearly!*

THE REAL DIFFICULTY OVER THE BEHRING SEA BUSINESS.—The Seals of Office.

THE CHARGE OF THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE.—"A penny a box."

THE END OF IT!

German Emperor (to poor Greece). "HAND OVER ALL YOU 'VE GOT, AND WE 'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN FOR YOU!"

Customer. "Pity you didn't 'ave another Apple, ain't it?"
Landlady (*whose Cider is not of the strongest*). "What d'ye mean?"
Customer. "Well, you *might* 'a made another Barrel."

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

The Sunday at London.

Dear Mister,—See there that which is absolutely the black beast of the stranger in an hotel of London! However, I find that the sunday is not so terrible if one knows the *Ropes*, as one says in english. I ignore the origin of this saying, but I suppose that this is the name of some family, and that this wishes to say that he must to have some friends. Even the sunday at London is supportable when one has some acquaintances in the town. By blue, the stranger must not to walk himself in the Fleet Street or in the Strand Street! There in effect one sees but a town of closed magazines of same in the "Westend." At the month of may he must to go to the Hide Park, where the beautiful misses and the very correct misters walk themselves under the trees.

But in summer, when he makes hot, he must to quit the great town the sunday. See there the occasion of to accompany the family Rope on the Thames. Not at London, ah but no! Nor in descending the river towards Southend or Gravend. He must to go in amount, *en amont*, to make a walk in boat at Coockham, at Maidenhed, or at Henly. There what charming places for to make "*un pique-nique*," french word that one may to translate in english, a repast in full air at the country—in italian, *una merenda al fresco*. In verity at London at the month of july one desires much to repose himself at the fresh, *au frais*. And on the Thames the invited stranger finds that which is most agreeable in summer, *eau fraîche au frais aux frais de—de la famille* Rope, *par exemple*.

In effect a sojourn at the border of the Thames costs enough dear. The millionnaire sole can to possess a palace and a park. For those who are less rich, there is all sorts of houses, the house of country, the cottage, and the "bungallo." Also, floating on the river, the boat-house. Others, who inhabit London, have but a boat of agreement, *bateau d'agrément*—a canoe, *canot*, by example—and amuse themselves to pass some hours therein the sunday.

One sunday of the last month me I am gone as that with some friends. I traverse the streets all desert and I arrive to the station of Paddingtown about ten of clock twenty. What of world! *Partout* some misses in clear robes, *robes claires*, and some misters, each one dressed of one trouser of flannel, *vêtu d'un pantalon de flanelle*. *Partout* some hats of straw; not one sole hat high of form. And this at London the sunday!

My friends and me we go to the station of Burn End. It is a name enough interesting. I have heard to speak of the ancient legend of to put the fire to the Thames. Evidently it is here that the incendy of the river is finished, at Burn End. But, though the name is ancient, the village is all beating new, *tout battant neuf*—some little modern houses at the middle of some lands to sell. What drolls of little houses! From the station we go direct at, *chez*, the boater to seek the canoe of my friends. We are six. The two English love much the exercises of the body and are great *amateurs du canotage*. Me by this great heat I repose myself of preference. Thus, the canoe being ready, we embark ourselves all the six, my two male friends putting themselves to row with great vigour, the three ladys sitting themselves, and me reposing myself at the stern. I am a little incommoded by the *paniers du pique-nique*, but I think not to it when we are in road, the air being so fresh, the sky almost blue, and my friends so gay, so amiable. As that we go to some distance at the beyond of Marlow and in fine we arrest ourselves for the lunch.

We eat at our ease at the shelter of the foliage, and after that the men smoke. By pleasantery I offer a cigarette to one of the ladys. *Sapristi*, she accepts her! An english miss who smokes a cigarette even at the country! More late I find that she is "new-woman," young enthusiast of the "*mouvement féministe*" in England. *Tiens, c'est drôle!*

Then we descend the river. The canoe of my friends is also a boat to sails; as they that serve themselves of the wind of the west, and we make a walk to the sail of the most agreeables just to Coockham. After the "fivocklock" we remount the river, and in fine we render ourselves to London, very content of a *pique-nique* truly charming.

Agree, my dear Mister, with my considerations the most distinguished,

Auguste.

Those who don't know Write from Wrong.—Certain native Indian editors.

Big Scotchman. "CONFOUND THESE MIDGES!"
Little Cockney. "WHY, THEY 'AVEN'T TOUCHED ME!"
Big Scotchman. "MAYBE THEY HAVENA NOTICED YE YET!"

A FINAL FAREWELL.

(Personal to the Last.

HE was distinctly alone. The streets were empty, the country depopulated. There was not a sign of living being on sea or land beneath the sky. There were records, though, of the race that had disappeared.

"Yes," said the man, taking up a few magazines and glancing at their contents. "Here are the customary articles. An illustrated interview—and another, and another! Nothing but illustrated interviews! I am weary of them!"

And he threw down the pile of ephemeral literature with a gesture of distaste.

But the idea haunted him. It made him search the more diligently for the missing man. He was to be his companion, his friend, his benefactor. But no, the quest was made in vain. He was gone from the towns, the trains, the seaside, the continent. There was no trace of his presence anywhere.

"But it must be done," murmured the survivor. "Ah! I have an idea!"

And then he procured pens, ink and paper, and set to work. He wrote for a long time, rising now and again to take pot-shots at his surroundings with his pocket camera. At length his task was accomplished.

"I am in the fashion," he exclaimed, with pride. "My life is at length revealed. I have fallen back upon autobiography."

And the author glanced at his MS. approvingly. It bore the title, "The Last Man on this World, by Himself—an Illustrated Interview."

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

SCENE—*The garden at "Sunny Bank," Trimbledon, the residence of* Miss CAMILLA LYDE, *author of "Fettered to a Fool," "In the Sight of Heaven," and other popular novels.* Miss LYDE *(age about thirty-five, tall, handsome, with a somewhat high-strung and sensitive expression) is in a wicker-chair on the lawn, engaged in answering a reply-telegram which her parlour-maid,* KEZIA STILWELL, *has just brought out. Her niece,* NORA VYVIAN, *an exceedingly pretty girl of about twenty-four, is seated near.*

Miss Lyde (as she writes). I suppose I ought to ask him to lunch. (*Handing reply-form to* KEZIA, *a pale, sandy-haired girl, who has been waiting in dignified abstraction.*) There, KEZIA, just see if you can make it out.

Kezia. It 's perfectly legible, Miss. (*Reading aloud.*) "BOWATER, Lebanon Lodge, Starbiton. Yes. Delighted to see you; but do come to lunch at two, if possible. LYDE."

Miss Lyde. Make the telegraph-boy read it, too. And, KEZIA, get out my bicycle, please, I shall want it directly.

Kezia. If you were thinking of going to Fitcham, Miss, I went over before breakfast myself, and there was nothing for you.

Miss Lyde. There may be an answer by midday; at all events, I can go over and see.

Kezia. I could easily go again, Miss, and save you the trouble. And I could tell the post-office people to forward anything that came.

Miss Lyde. I thought I told you I didn't wish that done. And I can't spare you this morning. I shall go to Fitcham myself.

Kezia. Oh, very good, Miss.

[*She departs, with an expression of lofty displeasure.*

Miss Vyvian. You spoil that girl, CAMILLA. Her head 's completely turned ever since you 've allowed her to disport herself on your bicycle. She has actually gone off in the sulks because you preferred to ride it yourself, for once!

Camilla. You don't understand KEZIA, my dear NORA. She is most willing to make herself useful, and it 's an advantage to have a maid who can bicycle. I rather wish Mr. BOWATER hadn't asked himself here to-day. I wonder why he was so anxious to make sure of finding me at home. I told him I couldn't promise to let him have my next novel at present. He really might have a little more patience!

Nora. I fancy he wants you to promise him something more important still. Ah, CAMILLA, don't pretend not to understand. You *must* have noticed!

Camilla (with a slight flush). I *have* sometimes fancied—— But I hope it isn't *that* that brings him here to-day.

Nora. But if it should be—— You don't dislike him, CAMILLA?

Camilla. No; but as yet I don't feel that we have enough in common to—— You know my views about marriage, NORA. No artist, above all, no *literary* artist, should marry anyone who is not in entire sympathy with his or her Art. I am perfectly certain that I should be a miserable woman if I married a man who had no genuine appreciation of my work.

Nora. If Mr. BOWATER didn't appreciate your work, he wouldn't be so eager to publish your next novel.

Camilla. It doesn't follow. He might, for all I can tell, be merely anxious to please me.

Nora. But wouldn't that show how deeply devoted he was to you?

Camilla. I shouldn't care for a devotion which showed itself in deceiving me. Besides, I should learn the truth sooner or later, and then it would be all the worse. No, before I could ever bring myself to think of JASON BOWATER as—in that way, he must convince me that he values my work for its own sake, that it appeals to his intellect, and satisfies his taste.

Nora. But, my dear CAMILLA, if you 're determined not to believe a word he says, I don't quite see how he is going to convince you.

Camilla. There *is* a way by which he might—— I wonder if I can trust you, NORA?

Nora (hurt). CAMILLA! Don't you know by this time that I 'm an absolute *well?*

Camilla. I will trust you. You remember my telling you that I had finished a novel and sent it to be typed some time ago?

Nora. The one you wrote while I was away. I forget what you said it was called.

Camilla. *Stolen Sweets.* You must read it when I get the proofs. I really think it is far the best work I have ever done. Well, I sent it to Mr. BOWATER with a note to say that the

author preferred to remain anonymous for the present, and requesting that any communications might be addressed to M.N., the Post Office, Fitcham.

Nora. So *that* 's why KEZIA has been making these mysterious expeditions to Fitcham!

Camilla. KEZIA is very goodnatured about it. She *likes* going. You see, I was compelled to take her into confidence, to some extent.

Nora. I don't think I should have done that. *Why* were you?

Camilla. Because, as Mr. BOWATER knows my handwriting, I had to get somebody to write the letter for me, and you were away—so I dictated it to KEZIA. She writes a really excellent hand, and is altogether unusually well-educated for her station in life.

Nora. But there was the novel itself. Oh, but of course, you had that type-written!

Camilla. Yes, that would tell him nothing. And I gave the address at the Post Office, Fitcham, instead of Trimbledon, as a further precaution.

Nora. Well, provided KEZIA holds her tongue about it——

Camilla. Of course, I didn't let her know that it was *my* story I was sending. I—I gave her to understand that I was acting on behalf of a friend, and that I couldn't write myself that day because my hand was too stiff.

Nora. She must have thought so much mystery a little odd, to say the least of it.

Camilla. Oh, KEZIA has the vaguest notions of how such things are managed. She evidently supposed it was the ordinary way of addressing a publisher. And besides, it 's of no consequence *what* she thinks.

Nora. No, I suppose not. And so far, then, there 's been no answer from Mr. BOWATER.

Camilla. Not a line. And that makes it so very awkward his coming here to-day. Because, you see, whether it 's the novel he wishes to see me about or—or something else, I can't possibly decide yet. Unless, of course, there 's a letter for me at Fitcham. I shall just have time to bicycle over and ask. You don't feel inclined to come too?

Nora. It 's so hot. I think I 'll stay where I am, thanks. But tell me, suppose you find a letter saying that *Stolen Sweets* is simply the most extraordinary work of genius Mr. BOWATER has ever read (as I 'm sure it is!), what will you do then?

Camilla. I shall know that I have found my ideal—publisher.

Nora. Only that, CAMILLA?

Camilla. Anything more will depend upon—circumstances. I don't even know yet whether Mr. BOWATER will stand such a test at all.

Nora. I 'm sure he will if he reads the manuscript. He prides himself on his success in discovering unknown geniuses.

Camilla. I know he makes a point of reading everything that is sent him. (*Rising.*) Well, we shall see. By the bye, NORA did I tell you I asked GERALD ALABASTER to come in to lunch to-day if he can get away from the Treasury in time?

Nora. Oh, CAMILLA. He 's *always* here!

Camilla. He hasn't been here for more than a week. I thought you 'd be pleased. You 're such old friends, and he 's devoted to you—though you *do* snub him so unmercifully.

Nora. Oh, that 's good for him, he 's much too conceited. But GERALD isn't a bad sort of boy in his way, and I daresay I can manage to put up with him for one afternoon.

Camilla. Poor GERALD! . . . . Well, I must be off, my dear, if I am to get to Fitcham this morning. [*She leaves the garden.*

Nora (*alone, to herself*). I wonder whether CAMILLA really—— But I 'm afraid she cares a great deal more about her work than for poor Mr. BOWATER. It *is* a pity, for he 's such a dear, and it would be such a good thing for both of them. . . . If she had been *quite* indifferent, though, I suppose she would hardly have taken the trouble to test him like this, and yet—CAMILLA never does things like anybody else. . . . But I really believe he has a chance, if only he doesn't—— CAMILLA would never, never forgive *that*. . . . However, it isn't very likely; CAMILLA's books are so clever, and she thinks herself that this is her very best. Mr. BOWATER can't help recognising how good it is, and then—oh, it 's sure to come right.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

Mrs. Griddleton. What are those square things, coachman, you put over the poor horse's eyes?

Driver. Blinkers, Ma'am.

Mrs. G. Why do you put them on, coachman?

Driver. To prevent the 'orse from blinking, Ma'am.

[*Inquiry closed*

FIE!

(*A Holiday Shock.*)

PRAY, why are you reading, studious maid,
This sultry noon in a woodland glade,
A print of decided crimson shade?

It isn't the *Sporting Times*, I think
(From such a male paper perhaps you 'd shrink),
And the *Sun* and the *Globe* are not so pink.

Since ev'rything comes to him who 'll wait,
I 'll not intrude, for I hesitate
To disturb a wood-nymph so up-to-date!

All the same, it whets my interest
To discover what journal you read with zest—
Whoever 's the Editor 's highly blest.

It has pictures (I see them well from here)
Of murder and burglary, all too clear,
And scenes from very low life, I fear.

Ah, here is the chance my doubts to ease!
Borne hither upon the fav'ring breeze
Is the blush-red sheet that I haste to seize.

Good-bye! Excuse me, I 've got the blues
To think that in weather like this you choose
To peruse the gruesome *Police Court News!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Elementary Jane, by RICHARD PRYCE (HUTCHINSON), is a story of the life of the curious crowd my Baronite, driving Westward from Waterloo Station, sees every Monday grouped outside a public house at the corner of York Road. Women and girls in hats and frocks of boldest colour; clean-shaven men in gorgeous waistcoats; stout women seated in the minutest of gigs drawn by the tiniest of ponies, covered by the most brilliant of horse-cloths. Rather a vulgar crowd the passer-by may think, a people apart from his respectable walk in life. Mr. PRYCE knows them intimately; how they live, and where; how they act, drink, and eat; how they make love and (sometimes) marry. He paints them on his canvas with a free hand, not too bold, whilst the innate vulgarity of the surroundings is chastened by the pure, unselfish, if elementary (why elementary?) JANE. To the art of the story-teller Mr. PRYCE adds an admirable literary style.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

Solved at Last.

Jawkins. Why do they always call sailors "tars"?

Pawkins. Because they 're so accustomed to the pitching of the ship.

THE FARE WHICH A CERTAIN COUNTY COURT JUDGE SERVES UP.—Bacon with beans.

DISCOURAGING.

Nervous Philanthropist (on a Slumming excursion). "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS LITTLE EREBUS STREET, MY MAN?" *Suspicious-looking Party.* "YUS."

Nervous P. "ER—RATHER A ROUGH SORT OF THOROUGHFARE, ISN'T IT?"

Suspicious-looking P. "YUS; IT IS A BIT THICK. THE FURTHER YER GOWS DAOWN, THE THICKER IT GITS. I LIVES IN THE LAST 'AOUSE."

[*Exit Philanthropist hurriedly in the opposite direction.*

WEALTH *v.* HEALTH.

(*Page from the Diary of a Child of Fortune.*)

["The sufferer is the man who cannot stand prosperity."—*Daily Paper.*]

Monday.—Cannot make it out. Received a letter telling me that I had come in for £10,000 a year. Could eat no breakfast, lunch or dinner. Generally out of sorts. If this kind of thing continues, must send for a doctor.

Tuesday.—Was getting better, when completely upset by the post. Solicitor's letter (delayed in transmission) brought me the news that the family Chancery suit had been decided in my favour. This will double my income. Lost all interest in my surroundings, and had a bad headache for the rest of the day.

Wednesday.—Distinctly better, until a letter came from my publisher saying that my latest book had gone into its twentieth edition, and had been admirably reviewed by all the press. Most annoyed; told my publisher never to worry me about these matters. Sudden shock of success caused me to succumb. Prostrate for the day.

Thursday.—Getting over my ailment, when my eldest daughter—who is rather plain and in the thirties—told me that she had received an offer of marriage from the Duke. She had accepted him. Upset me for the day. Never felt worse in my life. If not better to-morrow, must see my doctor.

Friday.—On the mend, when, looking through the morning paper, found my son had won the V.C. As I never expected him to do anything useful or ornamental, knocked all of a heap. Terribly ill, and went to bed early.

Saturday.—Better. In fact, getting on famously, when, looking at my paper, I found that the shares in the mine I had purchased at sixpence a-piece, had sprung up to a thousand premium. Why, this makes me a millionaire. Terribly ill. Fortunately, doctor looked in at the moment, and after hearing my symptoms, declared I was suffering from a severe attack of the new disease, "nervous prosperity." As I close my diary, he is writing a prescription for me. From what he says, I think it will have something to do with a week in a workhouse! That would be nice, after this wearying week of monotonous luck. The reaction would be absolutely delightful!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A County Guy, displeased with his lady love's desire to dwell in London, breaks off his engagement, apparently fearless of the damages which she may recover from a metropolitan jury.

Some glory of the rivers
That run on with crushing crash,
With a force that breaks and shivers
In a pent-up power of smash!
But give me the gentler twining
Of a rivulet obscure,
That 'mid meadows ever shining
Sings the song of water pure!

Some hail the doughty scaling
Of a peak that 's long defied
All the mountaineers, who, failing,
Leave their bones to deck its side.
But for me the hill—say, Harrow—
Where there stands a goodly inn,
And the climber's weary marrow
Is refreshed by ale within!

Some greet the might of London,
And extol its pomp and pride!
'Mid its majesty I 'm undone,
And its Beadledom deride.
For I 'm nothing in its traffic
But a fly expecting death,
And each "Bobby" seems seraphic
When he 's saved my parting breath.

No! I cannot like the bustle
Of what *you* folk call "Town";
There 's a rustle and a hustle
That turn *me* upside down.
The flat you talk of taking
May be fit for any "toff,"
But no ginger-beer-like shaking
Will make me "fizz up"—I 'm off!

Don't mistake me! If your mother
Would supply the rent and rooms,
I wish you 'd find another
Who would buy the chairs and brooms.
Yes! It 's simply this. I love you—
That means worship and adore;
But with that flat above you,
It 's—Farewell for evermore!

WHY THE HUMANE HEAD MASTER OF HARROW OBJECTS TO CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—Because he was once Assistant Executioner at the block.

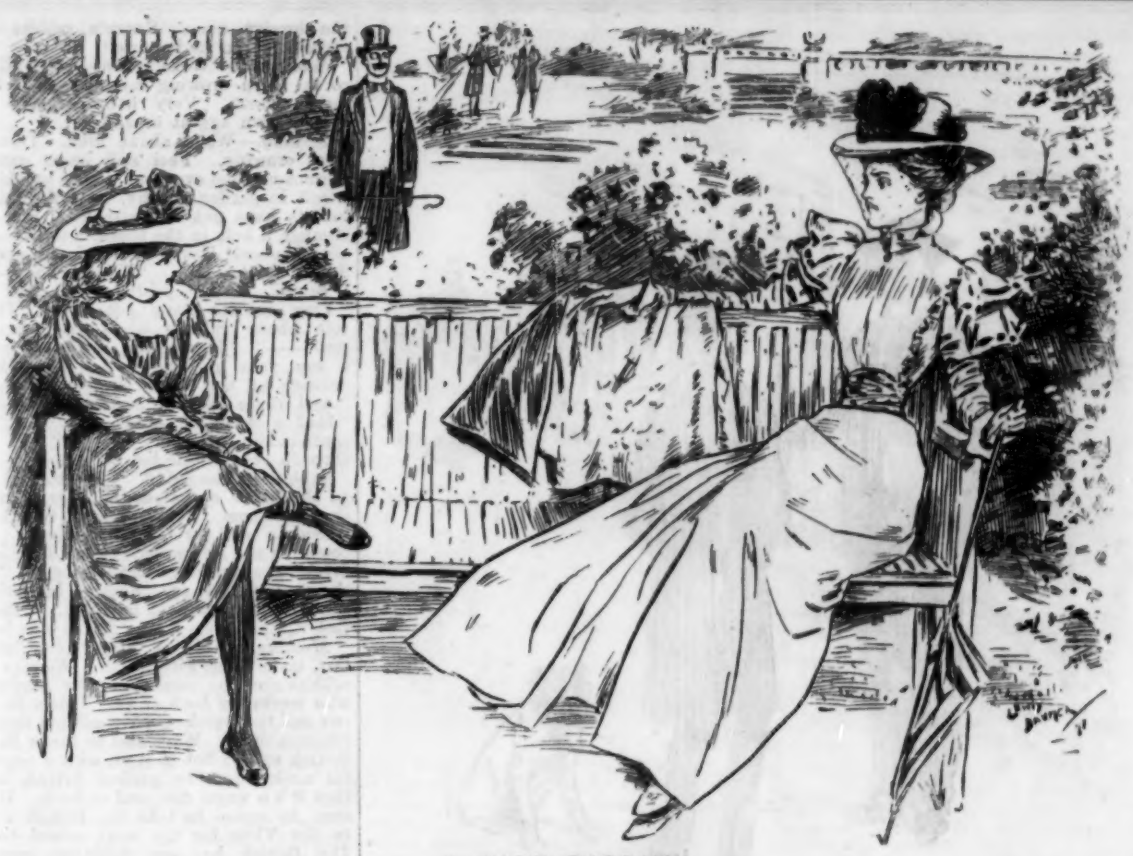
THE PLACE WHERE THE GOOD DIGGERS GO, GO, GO.—Klondyke.

WANTING TO KNOW.

MR. PUNCH. "SORRY YOUR MAJESTY WAS SO LATE IN COMING. EVERYBODY'S OUT OF TOWN!"

KING OF SIAM. "BUT WHEN DO *THOSE* GO *OUT OF TOWN?*"

["The total of the Children's Country Holiday Fund for this year is £2,000 short of last year's contribution."—*Daily Paper.*]



A HARD BARGAIN.

Young Sister. "MABEL, HERE COMES CAPTAIN GOLDMORE! NOW, DECIDE QUICKLY. EITHER YOU GIVE ME YOUR NEW SASH, OR I STICK TO THIS SEAT LIKE A LIMPET!"

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

THE following list of charming places wherein to spend the holidays has been sent us by Messrs. DOFORE and DIDDLEUM, the well-known agents. By some accident, we seem to have received an annotated copy reserved for the firm's private use, which we therefore publish with a great deal of pleasure.

"*Shingleford-on-Sea.*—This delightful spot is rapidly winning its way to the first rank of favourite sea-side resorts. Its splendid pier, its charming Aquarium, its delightful Assembly-rooms will (N.B.—They are not built yet) afford visitors a never-failing round of amusement. *Al fresco* concerts are given daily (two hurdy-gurdies, one bagpipes, one concertina with monkey), and splendid sea-fishing may be had (by those who bring a boat of their own; there are none for hire). We can recommend to those who propose to visit this favoured spot the attractive residence known as 2, Marine Place, which we have received instructions to let at a very moderate rental. Conveniently removed from the town (three miles) it commands a delightful view of the ocean (from the roof, with a telescope). Its sanitary arrangements have been recently put into complete order (the last tenant died from typhoid). As Shingleford is certain to be crowded by the nobility and gentry during this season—in fact, every room at the Hotel Red Lion is full at the time of writing—(quite true; SANGER'S circus is spending a night there)—an early application should be made.

"*De Courcy Hall.*—This magnificent mansion is to be let for six weeks. It stands in its own park-like grounds, and is within easy distance of a station (six miles). It contains noble reception rooms, furnished in true mediæval fashion (*i.e.*, trestle tables, forms, and no carpets), and about forty guests could be entertained in it with ease. (Might almost say fifty—in term-time Dr. BIRCHUM puts twelve boys in each of the four large dormitories.) To any wishing for a holiday of real country-house life, this mansion may be confidently recommended. Attached to it is a private chapel, a cricket ground, and gravel court-yard. (*Query.*—Would it not be better to strike out the last sentence? Mustn't let it be known that after six weeks De Courcy Hall will again become Swishington College.)

"To lovers of boating.—We are instructed to let for a short term the charming bijou residence known as Waterside Cottage. While comparatively close to London, it offers all the attractions of Venice (especially when the river comes in at the dining-room windows). It stands in the midst of delightful scenery; there is a charming lawn, and the river is at the bottom of the garden (except when the garden is at the bottom of the river, which it usually is). Fishing rights are included in the lease, and as many as one hundred and fifty fish have been taken by a former tenant in one day (minnows). For permission to view, application must be made to us. (N.B.—Be careful only to allow people to view when the place isn't flooded.) We can confidently recommend this as a holiday seat. The tenant will have the use of a large boat free of charge. (This is kept in the hall in case the river rises suddenly.)

"*Tumbleton Towers.*—This historic house, close to the lofty cliffs of Sandiford, is to be let. It possesses the charm of an antique castle, together with the conveniences of a modern residence. To all those who really love a picturesque and mediæval home, it should offer special attractions. (N.B.—It was built, as a matter of fact, ten years ago, by Messrs. JERRYBUILDER, but it's a really splendid imitation of a mediæval ruin.) Very prompt application should be made by intending tenants. (The place may come down with a run any day!)."

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. FITZALAN HOPE, the defeated of Sheffield by a diminished majority, looks on the Bright-side of the contest. Although unsuccessful, he is not a forlorn HOPE.

"I 'M SURPRISED TO FIND THAT YOU KEEP A DOG, TOMKINS! WHY, YOU CAN BARELY KEEP YOUR WIFE! WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

"WELL, I GIVES 'IM CAT'S-MEAT. AND WHEN I CAN'T AFFORD THAT, WHY, 'E 'AS TO 'AVE WOT WE 'AVE."

SMALL CULTURE.

Tuesday.—Have just read Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech at Hawarden. Admirable as usual. "The nearer an egg is laid to the place where it is consumed the better it will be." Of course. No more foreign eggs for me. In this garden, fifty yards away from the dining-room, I will have a poultry run. Must get it put up at once. Hurry out to carpenter, and at the garden gate run against SMITH, my neighbour. Capital fellow, SMITH. We think alike in most things. Says he is just off to the carpenter. Find he has also read the speech. Gets all his eggs from his father's place in the country. But likes rabbits very much, and will stand no more foreign ones. Excellent idea! "Why consume rabbits," he exclaims, "laid—that is, hatched—I mean, reared, at Ostend?" Why, indeed? So he is going to start rabbit hutches. Begin to think we should not stop at eggs. SMITH agrees. Why eat bread made of American or Russian corn? Can't grow wheat in ordinary back gardens. But might grow potatoes, which suit our fellow countrymen in Ireland. Do this next year. Meanwhile, buy English potatoes, and eat my own lettuces, now in excellent condition. And why have things "made in Germany"? Hate the Germans. So does SMITH. But how about hock, such a capital drink? And all the real French clarets made in Hamburg? Never mind. Give them up, and all other foreign wines. Go on to grocer, and order in supply of British wines. SMITH does the same.

Friday.—Poultry runs finished. Cocks and hens arrived to-day. Shall be glad to get some home-grown eggs at last. Begin to feel quite unwell, no doubt from eating the foreign ones. SMITH'S rabbits also arrived. Hear he is unwell.

Saturday.—Wake about five. Those cocks begin crowing rather early. Feel rather worse. Very little appetite for home-grown egg at breakfast.

Sunday.—Wake about four. Tremendous crowing. Feel still more unwell. Cannot manage even one egg at breakfast. Stroll in garden. Why, SMITH'S beastly rabbits have got out somehow, and got through a hole in the fence, and eaten all my lettuces! Hurry out, and run against SMITH at the gate. "Your rabbits——" I begin. "Your poultry——" cries he. "Your rabbits have got——" "Don't talk about rabbits when your beastly fowls——" "Have eaten all the lettuces; I say your rabbits——" "Have been crowing all the whole blessed night——" "And there isn't a single lettuce——" "Had a wink of sleep——" "It 's a confounded nuisance——" "And all through your idiotic fad for new-laid——" "Rabbits be hanged!" With this, retreat to the house and slam the door. SMITH does the same. Feel so unwell that I am forced to send for JONES, my doctor. He comes in the afternoon. Says I have been drinking something unwholesome. "On the contrary," I say, "nothing but British wines." He bursts out laughing. "That 's just it," he says. "Poor SMITH 's as bad."

Monday.—Wake at three. After breakfast, make it up with SMITH. We give the rabbits and the poultry to the gardener, who works for both of us. Throw in the run and the hutches, on condition that he removes them. Want also to throw in the British wines; but he says, with a respectful smile, that he prefers British beer, that it 's a warm day, and so forth. However, he agrees to take the British wines to the Vicar for the next school treat. The British boy can doubtless manage them. So at last peace reigns in our back gardens; SMITH will let me have some of his fresh eggs; I will shoot some rabbits for him when I go to see my people in the country, and we will make no more attempts to follow Mr. GLADSTONE'S advice, excellent though it was.

THE ECONOMICAL DRAMA.

(*Recommended to Managers as useful during the Dead Season.*)

Manager. And now, have you cut down everything to the lowest possible?

Factotum. I think so. We are only going to have half a limelight, and the scenery and machinery are going to be worked single handed by the wardrobe keeper, who also takes care of the properties.

Man. Quite so! And we have reduced the cast of the new piece by half?

Fact. Certainly. Our leading man is a ventriloquist and "quick-change artist," and now that most of the characters are supposed to be in hiding in cupboards, he says their words for them.

Man. First rate! And now that we have cut off the gas, and are taking the money at the doors on the pay-in-the-slot system, we have only to sell the triangle and pledge the drum-sticks.

Fact. I have already arranged that, and told the musical director that as we can't afford a *bâton* he must conduct with his fingers.

Man. Quite! So now we sha'l lose as little as possible! [*Curtain.*

"IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE—WIGS!"

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

Sir,—To use the customary formula—one that tradition, combining truth with justice, has sanctioned—"you, as the representative of the profession of the law," are bound to protect its interests. I have no wish to complain of the decisions of the Lord Chief Justice, for they have invariably been of the highest excellence. Still, I am forced, in the cause of the dignity of the Bench and Bar, to protest against a ruling in a case which was heard by his Lordship as recently as the 5th instant. I can do this with the less hesitation, as my objection in no way affects the rights of parties. It will be remembered that the Thursday to which I call attention was remarkable for the extreme sultriness of the temperature. According to the reporters the thermometer marked from eighty to ninety in the shade, and no doubt such a heat was very trying. Influenced by these atmospheric considerations, the Lord Chief Justice not only invited the counsel practising before him to remove their wigs, but set the example of dispensing with his own headgear.

Now, I can make every excuse for such a proceeding, but surely anything that deprives the Bench and Bar of a cherished privilege is to be deprecated? It is common knowledge that for many years past there has been a movement to put the two branches of the profession on an equality. A great distinction between the barrister and the solicitor has been the wearing of the one-time honoured horse-hair. The gown has been adopted when the junior branch has pleaded in the minor Courts, but the wig has been sacred. I would consequently ask, Is it quite judicious to permit an innovation which may be followed up by others even more dangerous?

That I write unselfishly will be believed by all my friends to whom my name is known. But as others may be more critical, will you permit me to add that the new departure, if allowed to become a regulation, would practically lead to my reappearance as an advocate. In evidence of this I would explain that, from a regrettable oversight on the part of my excellent and admirable clerk, Portington, my own wig has been mislaid for the last six years.

(*Signed*) A. Briefless, Junior.

Pump-Handle Court, August 7, 1897.

Joseph and his (late) Brethren.

(Comment by an Admirer.)

Although clever Joe has his foes, there's small doubt
When they swore he was "in it," they found they were *out!*
And they'll certainly learn they will need all their wit
To put *him*, like his namesake of old, "in a pit."

Go a-head!

Piffler (*to* Riffler). Where are you going to spend your holiday?

Riffler. At Spitzbergen!

Piffler. Spitzbergen! Is there any hotel there?

Riffler. No, you fool; but I shall have one in full swing by the time the Andrée Rescue Expeditions have started!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 2.—Foreign Prison-made Goods Bill reached Lords to-night. General opinion is that it's a poor thing; Ritchie, with all his passion for quotation, cannot be got to add, "but mine own." Has been contemptuously treated since its birth. Its avowed friends say as little as possible about it, whilst its enemies comfort themselves against action of irresistible majority by declaring it will be impotent even to do harm. Thus Kimberley to-night. "A trivial and paltry Bill," said he; "fortunately will have no practical effect, though it may prove pleasing to a certain number of ignorant people." Farrer more seriously opposed measure. Nothing if not logical; slew the slain with irrefragable syllogism. This speech tempted the Markiss into the lists. Found irresistible temptation to give Farrer one.

"The stream of time," said the Markiss, "has gone past the noble lord, who now finds himself a somewhat belated advocate of a rather outworn doctrine, preaching in the wilderness."

"A little mixed, don't you think, Toby?" said Farrer, coming across to the steps of the throne, where sons of peers and Privy Councillors are privileged to stand. "It's plainly an echo of memories of *Rusticus expectans*, the countryman who, ever since the days of Horace, has been watching and waiting until the river shall cease to flow. But the Markiss forgot how the passage runs:—

at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

It is the Markiss who (regarded, of course, strictly from the point of view of politics) is the gaping rustic on the river bank, waiting, as he has waited all his life, for the flood of social progress and political freedom to dry up. But the river, 'still it glides on, and will glide on for all time to come,' in spite of all the Cecils."

Rusticus Expectans!

Business done.—Committee of Supply closed in the Commons.

Tuesday.—"Of all Monarchs I Have Met," says Sark, "and the record exceeds Beatty Kingston's, His Majesty of Siam is by far the merriest."

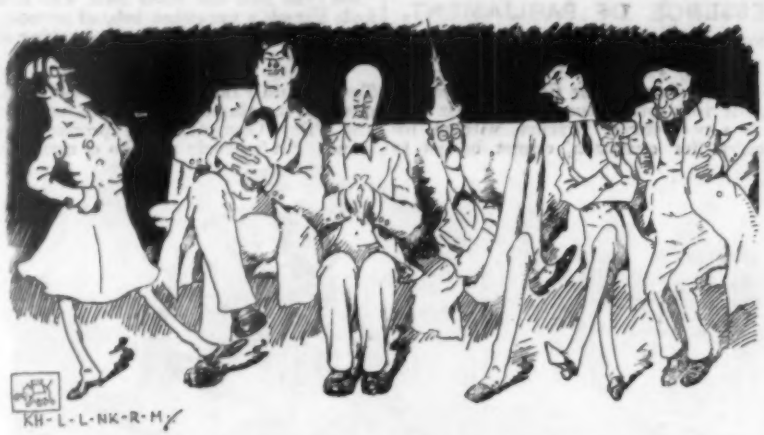
King came down this afternoon to call on Lords and Commons; hopped about like a sparrow pecking corn. What he pecked was information; wanted to know everything and all about everybody. Our old King George of precious memory, with his "What? what?" nothing to King of Siam. Wonderfully bright face; bubbles of humour always breaking through his eyes.

Delightful to see how swiftly he spotted Halsbury in House of Lords. Chair placed for him on steps of throne immediately behind Woolsack. Up got Lord Chancellor, nothing if not polite, and did courtly obeisance. King looked curiously at the *svelte* figure; smiled; nodded; gave his attention to Tweedmouth's exposition of points in Scottish Parish Councils Bill. Presently Lord Chancellor, running a Bill through various stages, performed customary paces; bobbed up and down, putting question of first and second reading; stepped aside from Woolsack when House got into Committee;

George Nathaniel in his Element!

King of Siam. "Why are you not Prime Minister?"

Mr. C-rz-n. "That, your Majesty, is one of the mysteries of English Politics!!"



By a piece of great good fortune, our artist has obtained a peep into the Royal Sketch Book! This is manifestly a hurried and furtive note in the House of Commons!

back like a shot to Woolsack when Committee concluded.

King sitting immediately behind the wigged-and-gowned figure, almost crowed with delight. With arm outstretched and eager forefinger, he pointed it out to Lord Harris; followed each movement with boyish glee. When Bill read a third time, Lord Chancellor subsided. King leaned over to Harris and eagerly asked, "Who put the penny in the slot?"

Evidently thought the Lord Chancellor was a figure automatically worked on penny-in-the-slot principles.

Business done. — Appropriation Bill brought in in Commons.

Thursday.—Colonel John Hay, United States Minister at the Court of St. James's, looked down for a moment from the Diplomatic Gallery on the desolate scene of the closing hours of the Session. Except in war time, the Colonel is constitutionally of retiring habits. Has scarcely had time, certainly has not sought opportunity, of making himself known to British public. But he is an old friend who needs no formal introduction. He comes along leaning on the arm of *Jim Bludso* of the *Prairie Belle*, with *Little Breeches* toddling on the other side.

By happy chance, there have just issued from the "Bodley Head" two neat volumes enshrining his new Excellency's poems and his charming records of Castilian Days. This last is comparatively little known in England. It is an acquaintance worth making; the home letters of a keen-eyed, shrewd-headed man of genial humour, temporarily a sojourner in a foreign country. As to the poems, whilst everybody knows *Jim Bludso* and *Little Breeches*, here is much more in varied style that has, for the English reader, the charm of novelty. In the small, but precious collection of *Pike County Ballads*, there is one that has not found wide currency with us. Yet for graphic touch, for grim humour, for terrible intenseness of effect compressed into a line, *The Mystery of Gilgal* has no rival, whether in Colonel Hay's book or another.

Business done.—Indian Budget passed.

Friday.—Prorogation.

WIRES AND WORK.

(Fragment from a Telegraph Romance—more than less imaginary.)

It was certainly of the greatest importance that the despatch should be conveyed to its destination, and at once. The millionaire looked in all directions for a cab, but none could be found. Then he sought for a messenger, but again his luck failed him.

"But it must, it shall go!" he murmured; and then he added, after a moment's hesitation, "It's a desperate course, but I will pursue it. I will wire!"

So he hurried to the telegraph office. He rushed in and filled in the form. Then he passed the little paper through the grille.

"And so we all went down to Herne Bay and had a shrimp tea," said a young lady behind the counter.

"Now, did you, dear?" responded a colleague. "Well, for my part, I prefer the Crystal Palace."

"Will you kindly send this telegram?"

"Yes; Sydenham is all very well in its way, but there's nothing really like a whiff of the briny."

"Will you please to send this telegram?"

The young lady behind the counter regarded the millionaire with astonishment.

"Yes," said he. "I am addressing you, and when you have done chatting over your domestic affairs, perhaps you will attend to me."

"Do you want postage stamps?"

"No; I want this telegram despatched."

"Well, I can't attend to that," replied the maiden, turning again to her colleague. "Yes; I like Herne Bay; and now, with these afternoon excursions, it's so convenient."

"Can't I send a telegram?" cried the millionaire.

"No; you can't," returned the young lady, tartly. "The operators have temporarily resigned. And what an idea! Only so far! Why don't you take it yourself?"

"Eureka!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Why not?"

So the would-be sender carried the manuscript to its destination himself, and discovered later on that there was a saving of time by the proceeding.

"Yes," said the temporarily resigned one, on learning the fact. "But *that* was not what I wanted to teach the Public. I wanted them to find out that they couldn't do without us."

But they didn't.

THE SEASON-ENJOYER'S VADE MECUM.

(To be considered at the Sea-side.)

Question. What is your first step to secure enjoyment for yourself and surroundings during the London season?

Answer. To take a house or flat in town.

Q. Which of the two residences is preferable?

A. The house is more dignified, and the flat more compact. The first with its larger staff of servants is more expensive, while the last, with its neighbours to the right, to the left, overhead, and underneath, is scarcely as private as may be desirable.

Q. Settled in town, what should you do?

A. Give a crush to your friends, and expect crushes in return.

Q. When may a crush be considered successful?

A. When so many guests arrive that the last-comers cannot get beyond the doorstep.

Q. What are the customary incidents of an ordinary crush?

A. A crowd on the staircase; a hand-squeeze at the door; a muffled conversation to the sound of music in the distance, and the lightest of light refreshments in the hottest of dining-rooms.

Q. Can any other pleasure be extracted from such a function?

A. Some satisfaction may be obtained by the appearance of one's name in the list of invited published in the smart newspapers.

Q. Are there any distractions other than those you have indicated?

A. Plenty. Dinners, visits to the play, with supper afterwards, and of course any number of dances.

Q. What is a dinner?

A. From a Society point of view, a solemn function for the wiping off of old scores, and the creation of new claims.

Q. Is it necessary that a dinner should be eatable?

A. Not absolutely; but it is better that at least one course, exclusive of the soup, should be possible for even a *malade imaginaire*.

Q. Should the wine be unimpeachable?

A. It should be of a character that it could be drunk without fear and spoken of subsequently without reproach.

Q. You have mentioned visits to the play—do they lead to gaiety?

A. If the visitors are fairly cheerful.

Q. But surely the action of the stage prevents conversation — lively or the reverse—in the auditorium?

A. Not at all. In fact, the dialogue on the stage is rather a help than otherwise to a chat in the stalls.

Q. Are there any other pleasures which you have not mentioned connected with the London Season?

A. Any number. The Park, the Opera, and a hundred other distractions.

Q. And then bicycling is an out-door feature with the revellers?

A. Not quite so much as formerly. To sum up, all May, June, and July are passed in a continuous whirl of excitement.

Q. Quite so. And what is the greatest pleasure of the Season?

A. To find oneself at the end of it.

LIQUEURS OF THE Qde. CHARTREUSE.

L. GARNIER.

These delicious Liqueurs, which have come so much into public favour on account of their wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants, and all good Hotels and Restaurants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignee, W. DOYLE, 33, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

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